B. F. SCHWEIER.

bert rifles. Noth-

ing would do, However, but that she

and cut Burton, to a man; so that there

er to another. There were other re-

Some thought that what Miss Mivart

fid was done on purpose, and some

thought that it was a piece of idiotic

illiness. The latter based their argu-

ment upon the general frivolousness of

er round, blue eyes. The former held

of those women favorites of Fortune

who look greater fools than they are

They said, with a certain show of rea-

on, that Georgia Mivart was a child

rom civil life. She had been born in

garrison and had played with row

empty.green-rimmed cartridge-shells

it an age when most little girls play

with paper dolls. She had hummed

natches of the bugle-calls before sh

mired the most and obeyed the best

or the first dozen years of her life

and been Kreutzer, Captain Mivart's

wo-headed striker. A few years of

coarding-school back East could not

Besides, the veriest civilian, who has

sever told. But Burton had a bad time

or worse than nothing at all.

of it and all his beautiful score went

That, though, was the end. And the

eginning ought to come first. The be-

inning was when Miss Mivart under

There was a target-practice competi-

ion going on at the post; not one which

was of any interest to the service, or

even to the department at large; just

little social affair, devised to keep up

the esprit de corps of the troops and to

ighten the monotony of life. There were three contests, one for troops and

companies, as such; one for individual

privates, and one for the officers. This

Every one knew from the first, when

roops, that the officers' competition

would lie between them. This made it

nteresting in more ways than one, be-

sause the rivairy was not confined to

he target range, but extended to the

winning of Miss Mivart's hand and

seart, and every one believed that this

would settle a matter she did not up

ear to be able to settle for herself

Not that she was to blame for that

Any one, even a person much more cer

ain of her own mind than Miss Mivart

was, would have been put to it to

They were both first lieutenants, and

ooth eavalrymen, and both good to

ook upon. Burton was fair and Gre-

rille was dark, but she had no fixed

prejudices regarding that. She had

ften sald so. Also, both were as much

n love with her as even she could have

wished, and were more than willing

hat all the world should see it -than

which nothing is more pleasant and

The rifle contest lasted ten days, dur

ne which time the air hummed with

he ping and sing of bullets over on the

ange, and with the calls of the mark

ers in the rifle-pits. Only scores and

ecords and bets were thought and

Miss Mivart herself had bet, with all

the daring wickedness of a kitten teas-

ng a beetle. She even went so far as

o bet on both Burton and Greville at

mee. The adjutant undertook to ex-

plain to her that that was called "hedg-

ng," and was not looked upon as alto-

rether sporty. Miss Mivart was hurt.

snow. The adjutant felt that be had

he least; only that it took away from

he excitement of the thing to a cer-

nin extent. Miss Mivert smiled and

shook her head. No, she didn't think

did because of course, she knew

perself which one she wanted to have

win. The adjutant admitted that that

night possibly be just as interesting

or herself and the fortunate man. And

which was he if he might ask Miss

ignin. No. she didn't think he might

uk. As the man himself didn't know.

the could hardly tell any one else just

yet, could she? She had her own ideas

about fair play.

of the running

ing me."

Micart shock her head and smiled

alked about

soothing to a right-minded woman.

was to be a big hop.

ook to learn to shoot a carbine.

ave obliterated all that.

tim will be.

VOL. LIV.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900

NO. 34



"Haven't the least idea."

"I believe so."

nony where the queen is present, sure

ly? Is it true that when the queen pre-

observed, absently.

There was a long-protracted ramble,

and the curiosity of our young American friend about everything relating to the

t.ere aglow; but Mrs. Threepenny-bit did not go on board; Col. Cameron did; and

on Mr. Duncombe away from his books

"Your servant, colonel!" says Miss

we guessed that she had sent him to sum

Peggy, as we come up.
"What do you mean?" the smalle

hanged services, Peggy? You've be

ing to leave the navy for the army?

sailor all the way through; are you go

"Yes," says Miss Peggy, lightly. "1

have enlisted. And what's more, I've

makes a very fair imitation of a military

"For Inverfask, colonel," she says, and

the night conceals the laughing shynes

CHAPTER XXII.

Early on this fair morning the welcon

mlight is all around us, touching her

and there on the red roofs half hidder

among the willows and elms, making th

old-fashioned inn and the ivied bridge

small fish darting this way and that over

Miss Peggy herself, as radiant as the

dawn, her eyes shining and without mal

ice; a placid content upon her tranqui

"So this is the last day of our voy

"The last full day. We shall leave a

"When one looks back," she says, rath

en appear to be very far away now

sor Castle, with the royal standard high

up in the pale blue sky? Do you remer

ber the fearful rain at Oxford, and th

you ever answer the letter he was s kind as to send you about the antiqu

ties of Gloucester?"
"Well, I did not," she says, hastily

"Don't you think your wife will do that for me? She ought. The information

At breakfast there was clearly a for

shadowing of the end; for already thes

good people were beginning to talk of the chief impressions produced by this long water-ramble of ours. Miss Peggy's

fixed ideas seemed to be the remotene

which we had passed, and the profus

and the slience of those solitudes through

of wild flowers. Mrs. Threepenny bit, of

these rural wanderings you got to under-stand something of the hold that the Church of England has on the national

mind, the prominence of it even in the landscape—the small, venerable, strong

principal feature and the proudest pos

session of the town.

As we glided along through the haw

thorn-scented air our chief difficulty was

canal, for the Kennet and Avon canal and

the river Kennet intertwist themselves

have all their chief characteristics in

About midday we came in sight

Newbury, the pink houses of which look ed very pleasant among the golden mead-

ows and the various greens of poplar and

We had a delightful stroll in the after

goon along the banks of the winding wat-

erway that is sometimes the canal and cometimes the Kennet, and sometimes

oth combined. That night was our last

vere a particularly mournful company

l'hames again, at Reading. Should we

take her down to Kingston, whence we

ad started, and find her quarters there

Or should we send her up the river to

"I will settle that matter for you," sai

Col. Cameron, as we sat at dinner. "Or rather I have settled it for you. I am

"Really?" says one of us, who seems to think he might have been consulted.

"I will explain," says this tall High-

lander, with great equanimity. "Just be low the belt of wood at Inverfask there

s a quiet little bay, very fairly protect

ed by rocks—in fact, close to the shore it is perfectly sheltered. I propose to an-chor a buoy some way out, and have a

wire rope connecting it with the land;

then, you perceive, by means of a travel-er, you could run this boat along when-

ver you wished, and you would be out

at sea safe and secure—a small floating

home that would be very convenient for

hundred things. You might want to

on shore, you just step on board, and haul

uiet day's work done, wouldn't that be secure retreat for him? There could be

to better isolation, surely, or more perfect silence. That would be a place to

"It sounds tempting, certainly," young

Shakspeare made answer, perhaps with nistful visions of not absolute isolation

night have a little dinner party saloon, for the fun of the thing. I have

going to buy this boat."

Henley, with a view to the forthcoming

on board, and yet it cannot be said v

To-morrow we should be back in

in a remarkable manner and seem

to tell whether we were on a river or

tiniest village, the great cathedral

was for the whole party."

"And Mr. A'Becket? yes. Tell me, di

Doesn't it seem ages since we saw

the beds of green weed. And here

omer woman answers.

got my marching orders."

salute.

age?" she says.

ents the Victoria Cross to any one, she

CHAPTER XXI.

Yes, they were all at it again-the linnet and robin; the mays and merle; the ruckoo telling us of his whereabouts in the heart of the thicket: the larks filling all the wide spaces of the sky with their silver song. But for this universal twittering, and clear caroling, and fluttering of wings, the world was still enough and silent enough. The red kine bardly mov ed in the meadows golden with buttercups. The olive-green masses of the elms. rising far into the pale blue of the heav ens, did not stir a leaf. The warm sun light seemed to draw forth a hundred scents from herbs and flowers, that hung

in the motionless air. As one is idly gazing at all these things, and speculating as to how far a certain white butterfly, that has started early on his travels, will wander before the heat of noon causes him to close his wings on a head of clover, there is quiet stirring of the willow branches, and then a footfall on the gang board connecting the boat with the shore. Turning forthwith one finds that it is Miss Peggy who has come down through those yel-lowed meadows, and it is Sir Ewen Cameron who is steadying the plank for her. She has been abroad thus early to gather flowers for the breakfast table, and in each hand she has a great cluster of but tercups. As for the June roses in her cheeks, where did she get them on so extremely still a morning? And as for the speedwell blue of her eyes-But she passes hastily into the saloon, for the flower glasses have to be filled.

Then this long, sandy-haired Highland officer-has he anything to say? He observes that the morning is beautifultrout rise a little bit further along. Presently he puts this question: Shall you have any need of Murdoch's services this autumn?"

"I fear not." "He is an exceedingly handy fellowdon't you think so?"

"And very willing, isn't he?"

"Well, now, don't you consider that a young fellow like that would be better jobs about Tobermory, with an occasional month or two's yachting in the summer?"
"I dare say he would—if it was anything of a situation." "Do you think he would come to me

'Inverfask?" "Yes. I would give him a fair wage he would have employment all the year round, and he might look forward to some increase of pay if he deserved it." "A permanent place at Invertask-is that what you mean?"

at Inverfask?"

"Yes." "Woll, when you put that offer before him, Murdoch will be a proud lad." "And you are sure you don't want him

this autumn?" "Almost certain-besides, that could not be allowed to interfere."
"I will go and ask him at once," said

he; and he, too, disappeared into the sa-Well, now, the "Nameless Barge seemed to be just filled with secrets and nysteries on this busy morning; but o

course one had no time to pay heed t uch trumpery things, for we had to make an early start in order to get through th chain of locks outside Devizes. After leaving Devizes there are fifteen miles of plain sailing without the inter ruption of a single lock, so that we made good progress this afternoon. The canal which is here so little used that it

abounds with all kinds of water plantsthe white buttercup conspicuous among them-winds along a high plateau which affords extensive views over the neigh boring landscape. Not that we saw this somewhat lonely stretch of country un der most favorable conditions. As we stole along by Bishops Cannings and Al Cannings and Stanton Fitzwarren the still air seemed to be threatening thunder; the skies were of a cloudy milkywhite, and the hills that rose to the horizon line both on north and south-Rough bridge Hill, Easton Hill, St. Ann's Hill Etchilhampton Hill, Wivelsford Hill and the like-were slowly deepening in gloom Then came rain, and forthwith these idi people fied into the saloon, to books and writing, and tea and what not. All but the faithful Peggy, that is to say! Miss Peggy not only went and fetched the steersman his waterproof, but she also brought out her own; and, having draws the hood over her pretty brown hair and fastened it securely under her chin, she took up her position on the steering Was she still auxious, then, to show her gratitude, in some vague, tenta tive way? At all events, her companion ship on this somber afternoon was suffi ciently welcome.

But one soon began to discover wha had brought Miss Peggy out into the rain; her remarks about the weather were speedily over.
"Has Col. Cameron," she asks, pres

entiy, with a very becoming hesitation has Col. Cameron said anything-any thing particular, to you?"

Nothing very particular." "No, I suppose not," she continues with the same pretty hesitation, "I has to ask him not to say anything, because because I don't wish Mr. Duncombe to tnow. But you ought to know; yes, yo

ought to know."

"Do you think I don't know?" give your visitors afternoon tea. Or you "And this is the way they keep a young ady's secret!-making it as plain as the nose on a man's face or a weathercock secured Murdoch, he will be captain, cook and steward. Or you might be quite by yourselves; and if it was a hot evening, and the midges troubling you on a steeple. And you are especially any lous to conceal it from Jack Duncombe are you? Don't you think it possible Mr. Duncombe may have his own little afyourselves out to sea. Or, again, suppos-ng Mr. Duncombe were coming round hat way—I hope he will—and wanted a fairs to attend to? Well, well, you've done it at last, I suppose; and it's very little you know of the fate you are rushing upon—you poor, fluttering, timid, so itary creature. Banishment to the regions of perpetual ice-that is a pretty future for you. Think of the gales howlng down from the North Sea-the giens blocked up with snow-no communication with the rest of the wordl-the rivers and lakes hard frozen-hail changing to sleet, and sleet changing to hail—a Polar

bear prowling round the riofts-a wal-"And a carpenter you mustp't forget

Why was it that all this time our pre-Peggy had been sitting with eyes wncast? Did she know of this audame; and could it concern her in

be known as the 'Nameless Barge.

He looked across the table and Peggy's yes were still downcast, "And the carpenter," said this young lady, who isn't as easily frightened as you might imagine. "Does he wear his decorations when he goes to a levee at Buckingham is than call her Rosalind's Bower." (The end.)

PAPER COLLARS STILL IN STYLE

"The Victoria Cross, anyway. He must wear the Victoria Cross at any state certured for Western Trade. "It may surprise you to know that pins it on his breast with her own paper collars are coming into demand again," said a traveling salesman who handles men's furnishing goods, "and "I should like to see that done," she it may also surprise you to know that the demand right along, for years and years back, has been large enough to keep three or four good-sized factories Highlands and the modes of life there proved to be quite insatiable, just as i. going continually at full capacity. I used to wonder what became of the was simple, honest and ingenuous. When we got back to the boat the dusk had output, for I never saw anybody wearing the things, and finally I made it my come down, and all the little red windows particular business to ascertain. I was astonished at the extent of the trade. It reaches all over the West and Southwest, and along the entire Northern frontier, from Seattle to Bangor. Wherever the towns or camps are widely scattered, implying, I suppose, that where laundries are scarce and poor, there is a demand for paper collars. The largest shipments, however, go into the lumber districts of Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the men wear an outlandish costume peculiar to the region and not to be found elsewhere on This tall young recruit brings up the the continent. Their 'Sunday' trousers, calm of her hand to her forehead, and for instance, are generally plaids seven the continent. Their 'Sunday' trousers, or eight inches square, in the brightest colors imaginable; their hats are in

solid red, blue, green or purple, and a

paper collar on a fancy flannel shirt is

considered a very effective combina-"Thousands of gross go to dealers in the small towns throughout the timber belt up there, and almost as many are sent into the Adirondack countles of Northern New York, Vermont, New quite picturesque, and striking into the Hampshire and Maine. I noticed that clear water so that we can see shoals of there was an especially large and steady demand from the maple sugar district-in fact, there seems to be some sort of mysterious affinity between pa per collars and forests, leading people who earn their livelihood in the great woods to yearn for paper collars when they 'dress up.' It would be a nice problem for students. Still another secka, where the country is settled up almost entirely by Swedes and Norwegians. I was amused, in looking over the order book of one of the big factories, to note that the collars sent to Nebraswa were all of one pattern—a pecultarly hideous, narrow, little turned over, the design of which must have been imported from Europe. I have seen pictures of Baltic peasants wearing such chokers, but have never enountered one in the life. To return to the point in reference to an increase in the demand, I know positively that it has almost doubled since the 1st of August and that several new factories are now in course of equipment. Where the new trade comes from I haven't the least idea."-New Orleans Times Demo-

Marriage is in any case a difficult arrangement, and even the best-mated of human pairs sometimes feel the chafings of restraint, and the clash of wills. If this be so with those who are well assorted, and who know it, how great must be the necessity for the careful exclusion from marriage of all innecessary causes of division and misunderstanding! And, among the un necessary causes, few are more selfvident than differences of social status, of taste, and education. To illustrate by example, we would say that, if a young and impressionable woman, to whom love seems a sufficient guide. is struck by the good looks and manly air of some young fellow of her acquaintance, and feels sure that he is honest and trustworthy, but again is struck at times by the suspicion that he is inclined now and again to decline into vulgarity, it is worth her while to pause very seriously, for that vulgarity will have to be lived with through long years, and be a burden, and shame, and dread in many circumstances. The man who marries a wife palpably his inferior does not inflict upon himself so great a trial because he has greater freedom in seeking pleasure away from home. Still, his life is practically spoiled. In brief, the safest of all courses is for men and women to marry persons of congenial tastes, and intelligence equal to their own that as the years pass they may still keep step together.

An Adrian County (Missouri) court has been wrestling with a peculiar lawsuit, in which rats cut the principal figure. A farmer named Sturgeon ed one Walker to kill the rats on his place, agreeing to pay 1 cent aplece for the tails of 1,000 of the victims. When 750 talls had been presented for tally. Walker asked \$7.50 as pay for his services. Here the trouble began. for the farmer refused to pay for any number less than 1,000. He also claimed that Walker tried to palm off mouse talis on him as tails of young rats. The hired man secured a favorable verdict in the lower courts, but Sturgeon will continue his legal fight to escape pay-

Mexico in the past nine years has doubled its revenues, doubled its exports, doubled the number of its factories and multiplied by three its banking capital and the continence of this great prosperity is now quite as pronounced as ever during the decade.

floating before his mind.

"Of course you would have to ask per "Of course you would have to ask per mission," Inverfask continued, "and not reason than that they may better from me. It is not for myself I propose abuse those who are not.

On the Trigger's Pall.

"Mr. Greville is teaching me, too. OCRE is always said Georgia: "and here he comes for trouble of one me now. sort or another Burton was safe on the target range,

when a woman over behind the barracks. Miss Mivari with and Greville went in the other direc those things tion, by the back of the officers' row which do not over in the foothills across the creek. oncern her sex. Greville natled the top of a big rec Obviously, carpasteboard box to the trunk of a tree, dines were none and Miss Mivart hit it once out of sixof Miss Mivart's teen times—when she was aiming at concern. If she the head of a prairie dog at least twen felt that she had ty feet away to the right. The other to play with fire- afteen shots were scattered among the arms she should have kept to Flo

she was ready to cry. Greville would have liked to have her cry upon his own shoulder, but, as she didn't, he did some fancy shooting to distract her. He found a mushroom-can, and threw was no peace for him any longer in it into the aid and filled it full of holes. that morning with a tomato-can. Is sold for 4 or 5 packs for 5 cents. Pins fact, from where she sat now, on a were first used in Great Britain and lichen-covered rock, she could see the they were first made of wire in 1540. mutilated can glittering in the sun, over beyond the arroyo. So she thirsted for fresher sensations.

"I'll tell you," she said to Greville, as per ways, and upon the innocency of he held up the mushroom-can for her to inspect the eight holes he had made with five shots, "let me toss up your hat, and you make a hole through the

trade-mark in the crown." It was a nice, new straw hat, of the service and not an importation come by stage the day before. It had cost him, express paid, four dollars and seventy-five cents. This, too, at a time when anything he had left after settling his mess and sutler's and tailor's oks and music and riding-whips for Miss Mivart. But he took off the hat and gave it to her without even a about this, of course the boy feels betingering glance at that high-priced ter after this, and after the boy retrade-mark within. And he felt that it ceives a whipping he meets the boy teventy-five cents when she picked up This is the good of a pin."-Truth. the tattered remains, at last, and asked if she might have them to hang in

ever come nearer to a carbine than to watch a Fourth of July parade, might Then she looked down at her grimy easonably be expected to know by in hand and considered the first finger. uition that in a target-practice compe erooking it open and shut. "I think ition every trigger has got to pull just it's going to swell," she pouted. "That to hard, whatever the regulation numis a perfectly awful trigger to pull." ds may be. Oth-Greville did what any man might However, whether Miss Mivart was She might have been ten miles away fully aware of what she was doing, herself. Greville, therefore, thought obody ever knew, unless perhaps it that she was angry, and his heart was

filled with contrition. Yet he was old wise enough to be a first lieutenant. He walked beside her back to the post in a state of humble dejection she could not understand. The next morning it was Burton's turn. Greville was over on the range now, valuly trying to bring his record up to where Burton's was This time Miss Mivart fired at a white pasteboard-box cover, and hit it three times out of twenty. She was jubilant, and so was Burton, because she was making such progress under

his tuition. "That's an easy carbine to shoot, isn't it?" she asked as they wandered home: "It isn't at all hard to pull the trig-

ast was to finish off, and then there Burton glanced at her, and she met his eyes innocently. "It's just like any other trigger," he told her. furton and Greville shot with their "Yes, of course. And is that the very mme carblue you use to the competition-the one you shot with yesterday. and will use this afternoon when you

finish up?" He told her that it was. "Well," she said, complacently, blak I'm doing very nicely, don't you. t hit the target three times, and my irst finger doesn't hurt a bit-this

norning." That afternoon the competition cam o an end, with Burton a good many polats ahead of Greville. And that night there was the big hop. It had een understood from the first that the man who won was to take Miss Mivari to the hop. So she went over with turton, and gave him one-third of her lances. Greville had another third. and the rest were open to the post at

Greville did not look happy at all. It was not the target record he minded He never thought about that. It was having to go down the board-walk to he hop-room behind Burton, and to watch Miss Mivart leaning on his arm nd looking up into his face from under be white mists of her lace hood. He was not consoled at all when she looked up into his own face even more weetly at the beginning of the second dance, and whispered that she was "so

sorry." Greville's the third was Burton's. That was the way it had been arranged. As the hand began the walts, Miss Mivert stood beside Graville in the center of quite a group. The commanding officer was in the group, so was Burton's aptain, and so was the adjutant seen unkind. He hastened to assure There were some others as well, and her that it was not not dishonest in also some women. Miss Mivart may have chosen that position, or it may simply have happened so.

> Any way, just as the waltz started Burton, light-hearted and light-footed. ame slipping and sliding over the canlle-waxed floor, and pushing his way into the midst. "Ours," he said, triamphantly. But Miss Mivart did not heed him at

once. She was telling them all how she had learned to shoot a carbine as well as any one, and they, the men, at my rate, were hanging on her words. "Mr. Greville taught me," she said and so did Mr. Burton." This was the first either had known of the oth-"I can shoot a carbine, myself," she or's part in it, and they exchanged a old the adjutant, with her cieft chin look.) "They taught me with their own proudly raised; "and my shoulder is carbines, too. The very same ones all black and blue. Mr. Burton is teach they used themselves in the competition. But I shot best with Mr. Burton's "Oh!" said the adjutant, "and what carbine. He must have fixed his trigdoes Greville think about that?" The ger to pull more easily; it was almost adjutant was married, so he was out like, what do you call it, a hair-triglittle away from Burton, and the com manding officer's steely eyes were on is face. The face had turned white, ven with the sunburn, and Burton's olce was just a trifle unsteady as h

vart," he said.

The innocent, ror just a little coldly into his. "No," she told him, "I think you are mistaken. It is Mr. Greville's dance." And sh turned and laid her hand on Greville's arm.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The following is a literal copy of a emposition written by a Georgia colboy, the original of which is now, ession. With all its crudeness the essay shows considerable honest effort to learn and give facts relating to the subject, "The pin," which was selected by the teacher: "A pin is a very useful apparatus invention. It is very useful to the people of the United States as well as the people of in pinning dresses and other tollets. The pin is very cheap in this town, and other counties of Georgia. They are 2 or 3 packs for 5 cents, and sometimes Brass ones were imported from France by Catherine Howard. At first pins were made by filing a point of proper length of wire. In some parts of France the thorns are still used as pins. Supposing a boy was climbing a fence and he accidentally tore his cont, and he was scared his mother would whip coat, but if he had met another com panion of his on his way home, and this boy had a pin, of course the boy would feel better, and go home on a sly, and slip in the house without see ing his mother. Some days after this the boy's mother would notice boy's mother ask him about this whole, and the boy tell his mother the truth was worth four times four dollars and that gave him the pin and thanks him

Expressing His Disgust. Probably most writers of serial stories are familiar with the sensation of receiving letters of commendation or disapproval from interested readers who are following up the stories as they appear in their regular weekly or monthly installments. Occasionally formation as to what the outcome is to be, while others offer suggestions as to the disposition to be made of the villain, or express a fear that the auvillain, or express a fear that the au-

the fillain, or express a fear that the author intends to marry the hero to the wrong woman.

The writer of a serial story in one of the popular magazines a few years ago received the following letter from an indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons:

The writer of a serial story in one of the popular magazines a few years ago received the following letter from an indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons:

pean to arrive there.

After him came some Spanish vessels, and in 1506 Denys, a Frenchman and Verrazzani, a Venetian, took possession of the country in the name of France. At that time, says M. Per rault, the French often heard the natives use the Spanish words "Aca mada," which signify, "nothing here. The natives had picked up these words from the Spaniards who had searched for gold and silver, and who, because for gold and silver, and who, because for gold and silver, and who, because hey had found nothing, had speedily leparted. The French came to the nelusion that the words so often used v the natives were the original name the country. Another explanation ihat Canada means a village or a town Revue Scientifique.

its panels are pictures painted by noted

They carry with them a stool, a basin, any person calls to them they run to head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders, all for the value of only half a cent.

criminal anthropology, says that large characteristic of the criminal.

Waste Material Ut lixed. Pine and hemlock stumps and old ogs that were supposed to have be come worthless years ago, are being gathered in Northern Michigan to be canufactured into lath.

SERMON

Rev. Dr. Calmage

Divine Power Will Heal the Worldpate the Disease of Sin. [Copyright 1900.]

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage puts in an unusual light the mission of Christ, and shows how divine power will yet make the illnesses of the world fall back; text, Matthew xi, 5, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surbody?" "Oh, no," he answered; "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer and more merciful art never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion—namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all cleraymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body were also doctors, all D. D. s were M. D. s. for there are so many cases where body and sord need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantations are surgeons worked from the then by the early Christians! Apes being the brutes most like the human race, were disaccted, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical oneration, they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the years because

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But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism, and we see it again in II Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked latticework in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid, and Aesculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was defied and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidaurus and Podelirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy, and Damocedes cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius and the cancer of his queen, and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures and introduced amputation, and Praxagoras removed obstructions, and Herophilus began dissection, and Erasistrhus removed tumors, and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arcested disease of the throat, and Alexander of Tralles treated the eye, and Rhazas cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the pine, and in our own century we have

indignant reader. The names are changed for obvious reasons:

"Dear Sir: I take the liberty of telling you that I regard your 'Simeon Stacy,' now running through the Blank Mingazine, as a little the thinnest novel I have ever read. Furthermore, the principal character in the story, to whom you give the title role, so to speak, is so thoroughly detestable a man that I have taken the most effect live means in my power to show my contempt for him by changing my name—which happened to be the same as his—to something as unlike it as possible. Yours truly.

"ANDREW JACOBSON, "(Formerly Simeon Stacy)."

Indians Gave It the Name.

M. Perrault gives an ingenious explanation of the origin of the word "Canada." Glovanni Gaboto, who is also known as Cabot, landed in that country in 1497, being the first European to arrive there.

After him came some Spanish ves

the blind eye or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear or reduce a dropsy without pain, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and He deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and halleluiahs of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

Revue Scientifique.

Viotoria's Coronation Coach.
Queen Victoria has at her disposal when she wishes to take a ride innumerable carriages. Of these the coronation coach is first. This carriage is unknown to the present generation, as it has never left the royal mews at Buckingham palace since 1861. It is lovely, but cumbersome, was designed for George III. and every portion is richily decorated and gilded. Outside its panels are pictures painted by noted artists.

Chinese Barbers.

The barbers in towns in China go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls to them they run to him, and planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the cyclorus and brush the shoulders, all for the value of only half a cent.

Feel of Your Ears.

An English writer, who for fifteen years or more has been a student of the value of only half a cent.

Waste Material Utilized.

Waste Material Utilized. baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advan-tage of these mineral baths. The stone the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature. The bath, 120 feet long, forty feet wide and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man, if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight rears, that mineral bath cannot regione

vou. Why, twenty-eight years is more than the average of human life. Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon walks along those baths, and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered or a year or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless, and to this thirty-eight years' invalid said, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The mightiest scientists have put their

The mightiest scientists have put their skill to its retuning, and sometimes they stop the progress of its decadence or remove temporary obstructions, but not more than one really deaf ear out of 100, 200 is ever cured.

It took a God to make the ear, and it takes a God to mend it. That makes me curious to see how Christ the Surgeon succeeds as an aurist.

We are told of only two cases He one

We are told of only two cases He oper-ated on as an ear surgeon. His friend Peter, naturally high tempered, saw Christ insulted by a man by the name of Man-chus, and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at the man's bead, but the sword clipped and hewed off the outside ear, and our Surgeon touched the laceration and an-other ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is streech touched the laceration and another ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is not the outside car that hears. That is only a funnel for gathering sound and porring it into the hidden and more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake Galilee our Surseon found a man deaf and dumb. The natient dwelt in perpetual silence and was speechless. He could not hear a note of music or a clap of thunder. He could not call father or mother or wife or shildren by name. What power can waken that dull tympanum or reach that chain of small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open the gate between the brain and the outside world? The Surgeon put His fingers in the deaf ears and agitated them, and kept on acitating them until the vibration gave vital energy to all the deaf earts and they responded, and when our Surgeon withdrew His fingers from the rars the two tunnels of sound were clear for all sweet voices of music and friendship. For the first time in his life be heard the desert of painful silence had been built a king's highway of resonance and acclamation. But yet he was dumb. No word had ever leaned from his lip. Speech was shained under his tongue. Vocalization and accentuation were to him an impossibility. He could express neither love nor indignation nor worship. Our Surgeon, having unbarred his car, will now unloose the shackle of his tongue. The Surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that He used on two occasions for the cure of blind people — namely, the moisture of His own mouth. The application is made, and lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is celaxed, and between the tongue and teeth was born a whole vocabulary and words few into expression. He not only heard, but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate wing out to let sound depart.

Why is it that while other surgeons

but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate swung out to let sound depart.

Why is it that, while other surgeons used knives and forceps and probes and sethoscopes, this Surgeon used only the pintment of His own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if He touches us not we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. Oh Thou greatest of all artists, compel us to hear and help us to artists, compel us to hear and speak!

But what were the Surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and ton ind withered hands and crooked ba The skill and the painlessness of the erations were worth hundreds and t sands of dollars.

were all moneyless. Did He not treat the nobleman's son? Did He not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did He not effect a cure in the house of a centurian of great wealth who had out of his own pocket built a

ynagogue? They would have paid Him large fees ind there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias who would have given this Surgeon houses and lands

For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received \$1000, \$5000, and in one case I know of \$50,000, but the Surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing.

In His whole earthly life we know of His having had but 62½ cents. When His taxes were due, by His omniscience He knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and He sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman stater, or 62½ cents, the only money He ever had, and that He paid out for taxes.

This greatest Surgeon of all the centu-For critical cases in our time great s

paid out for taxes.

This greatest Surgeon of all the centuries gave all His services then and offers all His services now free of all charge. "Without money and without price" you may spiritually have blind eyes opened and your dumb ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed, and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind or soul, let hem remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory.

Besides that, there are powerful anaes-Besides that, there are powerful anaes

Besides that, there are powerful anaesthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocoaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." in the morning.

may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this Surgeon shall have completed the treatment of the world's wounds! The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmaries, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts, for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sunstrokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning books, while in the heavenly country we shall see the victims of accident or malformation or hereditary ills on earth become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such brilliant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind and our Surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that treet and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our Surgeon found bent almost double and could in nowise lift up herself, and He made her straight. Who is that listening with such rapture to the music of heaven, solo melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our Surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee, and by touches opened ear gate and mouth gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are and dumb on the beach of Galilee, and by touches opened ear gate and mouth gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring looks and thanks giving and cries of "Oh, what He did for me! Oh, what He did for my family! Oh, what He did for the world!" That is the Surgeon of all the centuries, the oculist, the aurist, the emancipator, the Saviour. No pay He took on earth. Come, now, and let all heaven pay Him with worship that shall never end and a love that shall never die. On His head be all the crowns, in His hands be all the scepters and at His feet be all the worlds!

The Gilbert House is the favorite place for all Philadelphia people visiting New York City. much and costs little.

Talent, to be important, must be ex-The height of some men's ambition is to be able to say "I fold you so." Brilliant sayings are not always mor-

al ones. Rocks in the downward path of de-

A lie feels easy only when it forgets that it has a truth on its track. Cheap flattery is always dear; the best sort of flattery is honest imita-

The human heart is like a grapho phone cylinder and the sweetest record ne cylinder and the sweetest reco often cut by the stylus of pain